

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

"POHOKURA"

Bulletin No. 115

August 1970

PRESIDENT:

Mr. P. Bayens St. George's Rd Nth, R.D. 2, Hastings  
Phone 84498

HON. SECRETARY:

Mr. G. Griffiths, Box 854, Hastings, Phone Olive, 623

HON. TREASURER:

Miss J. Smith, 1009E Heretaunga St., Hastings  
Phone 68249

CLUB CAPTAIN:

Mr. G. Thorp, 133 Vigor Brown St., Napier, Phone 5260N

PRIVATE TRIPS

Mt. Aspiring	Waterfall Creek Hut
Malte Brun	Rocks Ahead
Harper Hut	Kiwi Mouth round trip
Waikaremoana	Maropea Hut
Makahu Spur	
South Rangi	
Cairn - Studholme - Mackintosh	

MOUNT ASPIRING:

On 2nd Jan. we travelled up the West Matukituki valley as far as Raspberry Hut by car, then with heavy packs headed for Cascade Hut about 6 p.m. After 30 min. of travelling we found 12 days' food with climbing gear was too much and cut our load down by half. We made better time after that and arrived at Cascade Hut a little after 8 p.m.

Next morning we returned for the rest of the gear and carried it to Pearl Flats, then returned for the other stuff at Cascade, stopping at Aspiring Hut on trips for hot tea that they give to everyone, coming and going. We camped at Pearl Flats the night and rose early again for our last double packing day up to French Ridge Hut close to 2500ft above. This was going to be hard and our first load took 2½ hours up

and only just over an hour on the return trip. The second load went well for the first hour; then we became rather exhausted. Another 2½ hours saw us at the hut but we had had it. We met five Tasmanian climbers coming down on our first trip up and they told us snow conditions were poor and a crevasse almost blocked the way up the quarterdeck. They had spent five days there and had only climbed French and Avalanche. There were two Dunedin bods at the hut. They had climbed French as the weather had been poor - "heavy mist, soft snow and hot days" - no ideal climbing conditions. These two bods rose early next morning to climb Avalanche but the weather was against them so they packed up and left. We had a day in the sack recovering.

The following day it rained and the wind blew shaking the hut with every strong gust. The morning after it cleared and we went up to see French and the Quarterdeck mist. At noon it cleared. We had a good view of the surrounding peaks and after some discussion decided to climb French by way of the rock face to the left of the Quarterdeck. We started at 1 p.m. and it was a long slow job, but once on the up it was only a short way from French and we were on top at 6.20 p.m. for a terrific view of Aspiring and the surrounding terrain. We also pinpointed Todd Hut on the N.W. ridge of Aspiring. With the weather clearing, the snow began to freeze so we decided to go down the Quarterdeck and hope for the best at the crevasse. We descended and cut across to the Quarterdeck. A schrund at the top didn't look good but we soon left this behind and descended steeply to the crevasse going down into it then climbing up a frail rib jutting out from the lower side. With this overcome we descended to the hut with no further trouble.

That night we decided to move to Colin Todd Hut and have a crack at Avalanche on our way, so, before hitting the sack we packed our gear for an early start. The night kept clear so the freeze was still on next morning and with five days' gear we set out for the Quarterdeck. The freeze stayed but when we arrived on the Quarterdeck there was a whiteout over the Bonar Glacier so we put off our climb up Avalanche and trudged across the glacier to Colin Todd. The sun was coming through the mist and the snow became soft and the air hot. We ended up in a large crevasse and headed toward Bevan on the left for more forward travelling. By this time the mist had lifted and we could see the hut far in the distance. We finally arrived at 1 p.m. to find five bods had come in ahead of us from Bevan Col. They had met a party who had been in the hut and had left that morning. They had had bad weather, a snowstorm and whiteouts, and had only climbed Rolling Pin in soft snow. Colin Todd Hut is a nine-bunker with not much room to move around but it is very comfortable. It is among

large rocks slabs on the lower Shipowners Ridge, about 2 hours from the Quarterdeck and 1 hour from Bevan Col.

We hit the sack early as the other party was going to climb Aspiring and we were going to look at Star Gazer, Sky Scraper, Main Royal and Rolling Pin. 4.30 a.m. saw the others heading off while we stayed in the sack until about 5 a.m. and left an hour later for the top of Shipowner, then went around to the left of Rolling Pin and along the Iso Glacier and half the Dipso. The mist had cleared at night but had come over again and visibility wasn't good. We had descended 500ft when it cleared. We were heading towards a very hard climb up both Skyscraper and Stargazer so we turned to the easier Main Royal. Well, we thought it would be easier, but found we were lower than we had thought. We had a good view of the northern side of Aspiring as the mist had cleared on our side, but there was a lot floating over the Volta and we only saw Fastness once. After a good look around we had a drink and some scroggin then left for a wall of rock which we had come around and climbed this, now convinced that this was Main Royal. We traversed along to Rolling Pin, then back to the hut by 1.20 p.m. We rested all the afternoon and had our evening meal with no sign of the others and got a bit worried when 10 p.m. came. They arrived back at 10.20 p.m. both triumphant and dissappointed. After a lot of trouble at the buttress only two managed to stand on the top well after 3 p.m. but they gave us plenty of advice and we decided to have a go the following morning.

At 4 a.m. we headed up the Shipowner and crossed the snow separating it from N.W. ridge. We climbed up until we came to the buttress. There we went around on the left side and crossed two patches of snow, climbing all the way, and coming back on to the ridge, then came to the snow and cramponed on higher up the ridge for the last stretch. We used ice screws for the last 500ft and arrived on the top at 9.5 a.m. A strong wind was blowing and after taking some photos we headed back down taking crampons off at the rocky ridge where we had some scroggin and drink. The weather was hot and fine mist had covered the lower ridge from north to west hiding the earlier morning view. We moved on down the ridge and somehow I went flying and ended on my back with cut fingers. This was the only bad incident on the trip and we arrived back at 1.30 p.m.

The following morning we moved out via Bevan Col. and from here we climbed Bevan and saw four members of the other lot climbing the summit of Aspiring. Returning to our pack on the col. we moved down snow slopes then slab rock to the gut at the head of the Matukituki and camped above Pearl Flats for the night. Tom had emptied his pack at Scott's Bivvy and had climbed up to French Hut for the rest of our gear.

The next day we walked out. This was my best day as from the beginning I had had blistered feet and had walked in two pairs of socks. Thus ended an almost perfect trip.

David White, Tom Whittle

MALTE BRUN

15th - 18th January

We had spent two hours on the Tasman Glacier moraine on our way to Malte Brun Hut. It was 8 p.m. and darkness would soon put an end to travelling so we pitched the tent in a little hollow and had a comfortable night. After a late breakfast we moved on to Malte at 10 a.m. up the hard ice glacier, taking it wide, going to the middle of Del a Beche corner to avoid large crevasses and arriving at Malte Brun Hut at 1.10 p.m. after a 500ft climb up from the glacier. We met three bods coming down and there were four more at the hut. They had spent two weeks at the head of the Tasman and did some good climbs including Malte Brun so we pumped them for information. They left for Del a Beche hut at 4 p.m. planning to climb the Minarets the next day. This they did.

About 3.15 a.m. we were up and packing our gear for our assault on Malte. We left at 4.20 a.m. travelling up a gut behind the hut and to the Malte glacier which we climbed almost to the top, then took to the rock on the right. It was up this that we had our first experience with loose rocks. I was in front and had put my hand on a large rock for balance, then it came rolling down. I kept it away from me with my hand and Tom, quick thinking, jumped up on some rock and it went under him. We gained the N.W. ridge. This was narrow in places but the rock was good and made steady going to the top of Malte which we reached at 11.35 a.m. An hour slipped by while we had lunch and took some photos. The day was perfect and the view indescribable. From north to south the snow-covered peaks shone in the sun and we could make out the bods on the Minarets. We returned along the ridge and it was a bit tricky coming off it to the Malte Glacier and the glacier presented another problem. The afternoon sun had softened it and crossing the crevasses was quite an experience. Arriving at the hut at 6.20 p.m. we had a rest then listened to the weather report on the hut's T.R. from the park headquarters. It was bad - strong winds and rain. On Malte we could see a cloud build up on the west, so when they called us up, we told them we were coming out the next morning.

I dragged myself out of the sack at 6.15 a.m. looked out of the window and was shocked to see black clouds rolling over the main divide. I ran and pulled Tom out of bed. We had breakfast and cleaned the hut up. It was after 8 a.m. before we left. The wind had increased and it was colder. When

we had travelled for an hour it started to rain and the wind just blew us down the glacier. We got to the car and headed back to the Hermitage. We stopped at the shelter to change and have lunch. We had intended going to the Hermitage to celebrate our climb but found it was Sunday so we headed for Ashburton. It was a pity the weather packed up. We sure would have liked a go at the Minarets. May be next year.

David White, Tom Whittle, and I went to the Harper Hut on 22nd and 23rd January. The weather was bad and we did not go to the Minarets.

Arthur's Pass is renowned for its rain and our trip was no exception. We left the car on the south side of the Bealey Bridge and headed up the Waimakariri river in rain at 4.25 p.m. It was a wet trudge to the forestry hut not far from the C.M.C. hut at Anit Crow river. It was 6.35 p.m. when we got there and the forestry hut was so comfortable that we stayed the night.

It was only ten minutes further to the Anti Crow and the hut was a shambles. We left our packs and went down to have a look at the river. It was very swift and dirty. For the first time I heard boulders rumbling as the water pushed them along the bottom. We found a reasonable crossing down-stream where it split into three and returned to the hut for lunch. The rain had eased off. The river was crossed without incident and we followed a marked track to Greenlaw. The rain was coming down as bad as ever so we stayed there the night as we had been told to do if it was still raining when we reached it as it was the most dangerous river on our trip. We had not taken our rifles with us and Tom went out for a shoot and to have a look at the Harper. He returned wet and cold with news that confirmed our report and we stayed the night at Greenlaw Hut.

The rain stopped during the night so we headed for Carrington hut at 8.45 p.m. As we were crossing the Greenlaw we saw a bod crossing down-stream heading the same way and we didn't catch up to him until Carrington. After a rest we left for Harper Hut below Mt. A.P. Harper. We followed the White river up and crossed by flying fox and continued up and arrived at Harper by 3.15 p.m. in fine rain and mist. The bod turned out to be an Aussie who had come up from Klondyke corner that morning.

We had planned to climb as many 7,000ft peaks as we could but the weather packed up. The Aussie left next morning. Conditions were bad. Rain and mist ruled out any climbing as we didn't know the terrain. Tom went out to have a look over the White saddle for Chamois or Thar and came back with reports of seeing Chamois but said he could not get near them.

The weather showed no sign of clearing so we stayed in the sack and read for the rest of the day. We decided to stay another day and see what the weather did but the next day was the same.

On the third morning things hadn't changed so we pulled out. Travelling down the White river was easy and with only a short stop at Carrington, we pushed on down the Waimakariri. The rivers coming into it caused no problems and the weather was warmer, but cloud still hung around. Instead of pushing out to the car we stayed at the forestry hut the night and the next morning had an easy trip out in hot conditions, almost stripping off to shorts. It was good to feel the sun again. We arrived at the car and changed from our smelly clothes after a cold wash. We went into Arthur's Pass for lunch then left for Hamner Springs for two days' recovery.

David White, Tom Whittle

WAIKAREMOANA

27th-28th-29th March (Easter) 1970

Some who were not able to spare the full four days for the main club trip to the Whakatane headwaters, decided instead to make a leisurely visit to the North West areas of Waikaremoana.

We were away from Napier around 11 a.m., had a shark-and-tattie stop at Wairoa, paid a visit to Park H.Q. and their museum at Aniwhiwa, and stopped for a while on Waihirere Bluff to watch canoeists far below. The lake was lovely but an angry thunderstorm hung over hills to the North West. We left the Kombi near Hopuaruahine Hut in pouring rain (one bod found he had brought one of his own boots and one of his brother's - two sizes too small!) Having crossed the river we set off around the lake. The track was mostly through long wet grass along the margin left when hydro works lowered the lake level by 30ft many years ago. There were frequent detours over bush-covered ridges or around long inlets where streams such as the Huiarau or Whanganui have cut deep channels through the silt.

Some hours, and showers, later we were envying the canoe people with their snug little camp, as we headed up into the dark bush to cross the neck of the large peninsula which divides the Whanganui Inlet from the Wairau Arm. We lost the track in the darkness, blundered around, went back to the last known spot, and found the track crossing a gully of unknown depth on a huge log. Soon there was complete darkness. With torches out, we climbed up and up over the saddle, then down, down, to the Te Puna Hut. Already 20 or 30 bods were in occupation here, so after stew and singsong most of us slept out under plastic.

Saturday was a day to make us all want to go back there again and again. Early mists soon cleared from water which was like a mirror until our swimmers plunged in and raced to an island out in the bay. The water was crystal-clear to a great depth. The sun shone warmly on thickly bush-clad slopes. A cloudless sky was reflected in the deeper blue of the lake. Wide ripples spread out behind passing boats. An easy stroll along the zig zags of the shore and over another peninsula brought us to a larger green-coloured inlet and Marau-iti Hut for a long lunch stop. Then back to Te Puha Hut, being overtaken by the first of a party of 63 Auckland Tramping Club bods, the remainder straggling in at intervals over the next two hours or more. Other people had also arrived, both on foot, and by the easy way, in boats, so the vicinity was rather crowded. The hut was overfull. There were at least sixteen tents and many were sleeping under the stars. (The ranger told us that over Easter there were more than three hundred people that he knew of around the lake).

Sunday morning brought another lovely day. Once over the isthmus on our way out, Trevor, to save a long walk around an inlet, tried crossing it, sitting on his lilo. This was so successful that he voyaged on, right across to the landing place, arriving a full hour before the last of us landlubbers. (Caution, though! Before anyone tries this sort of thing, they should be sure that they can get back on to their lilo again if they happen to overturn while out of reach of the bottom. This is ten times more difficult than getting on in shallow water!)

We went to Waihirere Bluff for a lunch spot with a view. Bods who had gone shirtless exploring a roadside cave, were discouraged by cave wetas which, in the dim light, appeared to have legs a good four to six inches long. Back at Wairoa, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their friends gave us all rides in their jet boats, and tuition to those of us who were brave enough to attempt water-skiing.

Peter O'Kane, Paul Maddison, Sandra Smith, Peter Lewis, Karenne Sparling, Trevor Plowman, Irene Watt, Wendy Smith, Geoff Richards, Ken Zambra.

#### MAKAHU SPUR

Pete arranged this trip mainly to give some new enthusiasts a taste of tramping. Twelve of us set out for Puketitiri at 8.30 a.m. Sunday morning, and managed to drive right to Makahu saddle.

We walked the few hundred yards into the hut and decided to have a brew and a snack. We set off up Makahu Spur at 11.30. The tops of the ranges were hidden by mists and we could not see where we were heading. However, fine weather prevailed when we reached the tops.

We stopped for lunch on the ridge before the one with the trig station on. From here we had a view of Mt. Tauhara, and the base of Ruapehu.

On the way down we saw for the first time, our shadows projected on to a circular rainbow in the mist in the valleys. Altogether a good tramp.

Peter Lewis, Scott Persen, Chris Person, Geoff Richards, Lyne Furminger, Kevin Nuttall, Trevor Plowman, Gary Storkey, Cherie Watkins, Wendy Smith, Alison Budge, Sue Tucker.

CAIRN - STUDHOLME - MACKINTOSH

12th April

One gets a pleasant feeling driving where one used to have to walk. That's how it was so we bounded our way into Makahu saddle. 7 a.m. saw us leaving the car in thick, damp fog to make our way up the spur towards the cairn. The shrill bark of a Jap stag then the roar of a red kept us awake as we plodded upward through the chilling mist. On reaching the Dominion weather station we realised why it was so chilling. The air temperature was a cool 37°.

A couple of hundred feet from the top we broke out of the mist into warm sunshine. 9 a.m. saw us taking a short stop at the cairn looking out over Hawke's Bay which was completely covered by cloud. The cloud layer below us and the bright sky seemed to bring out the golden colour of the tussock and gray of the rock.

We fairly galloped south along the main divide following the snow poles over Dog Hill and reluctantly down into the mist again which was lying thick in Studholme's Saddle - so thick in fact that we weren't sure when we had reached the bottom of the saddle. A notice and a few more snow poles put us on the right spur to take us down on to the Mackintosh. Continued thick fog necessitated careful navigation to get us down this dog-legged spur. Down on the Mackintosh the fog had gone as we sat in the sun outside this delightfully sited hut and had our lunch. Back tracking for ten minutes we took the track that took us to the northern corner of the plateau. Over the edge we went and down zig-zagging through the large Kanuka and Beech, arriving at the Donald river with shaking knees. Over the river the track goes vertically up the other side. In fact, one false move would put you down in the river again.

An hour's steady climbing saw us up among the pine trees on the Matauria ridge. Two hours along the ridge past the Gatchment Board water gauge saw us back at the car by 5 p.m. where we met Peter and his party coming down from the Cairn. A good ten hour day trip for a small party.

J.G.

Brian Hall, Bruce Fordyce, Alan Berry, Jim Glass



SOUTH RANGI

Queen's Birthday 1970

Four disreputable members of the H.B.H.S. and Bert McConnell (whose car we invited also just for the ride) set off on Sunday morning for a proposed trip to Waikamaka Hut via South Rangi and the main divide. This was the idea anyway! Of course, we didn't get far before something happened. This time it was a borrowed pack wich fell off our borrowed car's roof rack (incidentally the other pack up top happened to be tied on!) Repairs were carried out on the car later on wich consisted of random adjustments to the carburettor (with the fingers). We left the car by the club truck at the Waipawa river and motored off (downhill of course) before beginning the tiresome tramp to the saddle between Smith's and Middle Creek. Here, we had a much needed lunch at 1120 hours and then began the attempton South Rangi. At first the going was easy, but above the bush line our crew was finally forced to retire due to wind, ice, snow, oncoming darkness and five pairs of tired legs. So we made for Middle Creek hut and arrived there after much confusion and delay just before dark.

After a warm night our only problem was to carry/<sup>back</sup>down Middle Creek and return home early for once. R.L.

Rob Lusher, Bert McConnell (H.T.C. and H.B.H.S.) Russell Trotter, Peter Stephenson and Graeme Milne

KIWI MOUTH ROUND TRIP

11th - 12th July

At 10.5 a.m. Tom Whittle and I started up Makahu Spur in cold overcast conditions. We stopped at Dominie for a breather then on to Trig J to find little snow and no ice covering the tops. A strong N.W. wind greeted us going down Back Ridge and fine rain had set in. It was good to stop at Back Ridge Hut for lunch. Some one had left the door open. The opossumshad been in. Before leaving we cleaned up. As we moved on down Back Ridge the weather wasn't looking too good. Half way between Maminga and the bivvy we met two bods going up from Rocks Ahead, they had left the door open the day before. Their excuse was that they had found it open.

From Back Bivvy, the ridge wasexposed to the N.W. wind and seemed endless until over a rise we saw Kiwi Mouth Hut away down below. Dropping down to where the ridge is covered with Manuka we followed a well-cut track before going steeply down to Kiwi Stream where I put up a stag. Crossing the stream we followed a track to the hut to find no dry wood, but a little patience soon had the billy boiling and a meal on.

After a pleasant night we left for Kiwi Saddle at 8.10a.m

---

The trip up the stream was cold at first but easy going until we came to where the track goes steeply up and up before easing out about 20 minutes before the hut. 2 hours 10 min. wasn't bad. We stopped for 20 minutes then pushed off for Studholme's Saddle. The wind blew colder than ever and the rain didn't help. Studholme's was a welcome sight 2 hours after leaving Kiwi saddle. We stayed there for lunch and dried out a bit. That took longer than usual. At 2.30 p.m. we headed for Trig J. The rain was still coming down and on the ridge the wind was even stronger but the weather cleared as we approached the trig. We had a fast trip down Makahu Spur and arrived at the hut at 4.10 p.m.

David White, Tom Whittle

MAROPEA HUT

June 20th - 21st

The weekend of the midwinter full moon was too promising to spend at home so we made up a party of five and headed for the Ruahines. One intention was to go to Maropea with hopes of traversing part of the main range on Sunday. As Saturday dawned the tops glowed pink and we, too, fired with anticipation and hopes of good snow conditions. We called in at the farm to tell Mrs. Cullen of our intentions and then left the cars in the second paddock.

We made our way uneventfully up Triplex creek and the track to Shut-eye. The sun was warm through the foliage, our packs heavy enough and the route as steep as I remembered it from my first trip six years ago. The valley is more scoured and scarred than formerly and the creek bed deeply terraced with shingle and choked with broken trees. After two hours we arrived steaming at the shack for an early lunch break which was extended for an hour and a half by the usual difficulties of making a fire there. However, after tears and much puffing and blowing we had a successful brew with smoked sandwiches, before proceeding to the tussock and the tops. There was less snow than we had expected. It was several inches deep in the hollows and depressions but the rocks and sun-facing patches of shingle were bare. There wasn't a breath of wind and the sun was warm as we sat on the ridge delighting in the splendid view. Our proposed route for the following day looked quite promising in these conditions. There was the deep saddle first, leading to a long pull up through tussock and scrubby looking stuff to 65 and then over the tops of 66 and 67 and so into the Waipawa.

We dawdled along the ridge to the beer bottle at the junction and so down the track to Maropea hut. In places the snow was quite deep amongst the beech and leatherwood and was plastered thickly on the leaves and twigs in a frozen sparkling cast. At 2.30 we reached the hut to find that the

only recorded visitors since the end of March had been four-footed ones. A floor board had been forced up and the 'possums had made themselves comfortable on the bunks and played games with tins and billies. The sunshine accentuated the shortcomings of the place and so we spent an industrious afternoon sweeping the scrubbing, collecting wood and airing mattresses.

During the night the wind rose, though the moon continued to star impassively through the window. We made quite a good start in the morning and were at the beer bottle by 9 a.m. The wind was strong and a wet looking mist shrouded the tops, but it was too early in the day to be deterred, so we decided to make for 65 and to review the situation there. By this time we were dressed for the conditions in windproof longs, gloves and balaclavas. It didn't take long to drop into the saddle but the further slope was rather slow going in tussock and wet snow and patches of leatherwood. The wind was beginning to wear down one of the party and conditions were becoming too unpleasant to warrant further progress, so, within a short distance of the top we decided to turn about. Anyone who has descended steep wet snow and long tussock, will know that it is not an elegant or comfortable performance.

It was just as we were starting on the pull up out of the saddle that the wind began to blow in earnest, knocking us off balance with intermittent gusts and frustrating our efforts of upward progression. With many stops and proppings up and keelings-over, with pauses to tend cold hands or fortify the bloodstream with glucose, we finally staggered past the now familiar and welcome (but long empty) beer bottle, into the sunshine and lea of the wind. We paused longer in this more cheerful situation to adjust putties, warm fingers and generally collect ourselves. Then we launched into the assault on Shut Eye ridge. The wind was from behind the right shoulder, gusting strongly and increasing in force. We were all knocked off our feet and from time to time subsided inelegantly but not unthankfully into the shelter of flattened scrub on the left of the ridge. It was fortunate that we were not being dumped over the other side which is steep scree and rock. It required both a mental and physical effort to rise from this comparative comfort, for once any part of the anatomy was raised above the level of the ridge it was snatched and worried by the roaring beast. Leaning into the gale at 45° with our feet angled against the windward slope of the ridge we finally reached the cairn and slithered down into the peace of the dry gully under the trees. From then on the going was easier and out of the main force of the wind as we passed the tarn and continued down the track to Shut Eye, hurrying to jolt circulation back into feet and hands. Once there we brewed soup on a primus and had a bite to eat. The wet mist

Even down on the farmland the wind was strong and increasing. We reparked the cars at right angles to give some shelter for changing but even so it was tricky to stand upright and a struggle to open a door against the gale. As we drove away we kept looking back, impressed by the swirling dark clouds boiling over the ranges like a witch's cauldron. If we had been caught further along the tops in that the trip would have had a different ending. As it was we had been given a valuable reminder of how severe conditions can be on a day when the majority of Hawke's Bay was basking in balmy sunshine, and our only serious mishap was the loss of Kevin Nuttall's gold watch somewhere beyond Shut Eye ridge.

Liz Pindar, Rona Budgett, Ken Zambra, Randall Goldfinch,  
Kevin Nuttall.

## RESULTS OF JULY PHOTO COMPETITION

35 coloured slides and 4 monochrome prints were entered, all of high quality in the judgement of Mr. H. Gregson of the Hastings Camera Club, who said he had great difficulty in separating them.

Coloured Slides:-

- |    |                   |   |                          |
|----|-------------------|---|--------------------------|
| 1. | David White       | - | "Sunset Return"          |
| 2. | Peter Lewis       | - | "Uphill Effort"          |
| 3. | (Elizabeth Pindar | - | "Sunrise over Sandhills" |
|    | (Graham Soppitt   | - | "Morning Rest"           |

Highly commended: Peter Lewis - "Stormy Mountain"  
Graham Soppitt - "Morning Shyness"  
Pam Turner - Distant Horizon

1. Pam Turner - "Snow Line"
2. Peter Lewis - "The Way Ahead"
3. Pam Turner - "Yellow crested Penguin with chicks"

X X

OVERDUE TRAMPERS

IF a Club party at any time becomes overdue, would parents or  
members please first contact one of the following:-

Alan Berry	'phone Has.	77.223
Maury Taylor	"	HMN. 829
Janet Lloyd	"	Has. 87.666

ALL active trampers - please show this to your parents.

EXTRACTS FROM F.M.C. BULLETIN  
KAIMANAWA FOREST PARK

The Alpine Sports Club has raised the problem of access through Poronui Station off the Napier Taupo Road along an unformed road called Taharua Road into the Kaimanawa Ranges.

Following discussion by the Executive an approach was made to New Zealand Forest Service. A reply from the Director General was received on April 2 1970.

"The Federation's resolution that the legal roadline which passes through Poronui Station should be clearly defined and flagged is noted. I apologise for omitting to advise you in my previous letter that this roadline was resurveyed some 18 months ago and pegged with 3 ft high batterns painted white. Some of these pegs have since been broken by stock and will be replaced at first opportunity. Parties on foot will however have no trouble following the marked roadline through to Oamaru River which, as you probably know, is 14 miles or approximately five hours walk across the Poronui pasture land".

In discussion it was also reported that it was difficult to gain access to this Park from the south.

---

REPORT ON THE ACCIDENTAL DEATH BY DROWNING OF GRAEME KEITH GARRY  
IN THE HUNUA AREA ON MAY 24 1969

The deceased was taking part in an organised training tramp, together with other members of the Auckland University Tramping Club. The training exercise was in map-reading and route-finding, while searching for a clue as to the route, the deceased and Anthony Martin Fortune made an inspection of the creek at several points in an attempt to find the most suitable crossing place.

During the period they were on the bank two other members crossed the creek successfully. The first attempt made to cross by the deceased and his companion was unsuccessful so they returned to the bank and moved further down the stream in the direction of the falls, when about 15 yards above the edge Fortune stopped to put his pack down, and the deceased walked into the stream, stumbled, and was washed over the edge of the falls into a pool about 100 feet below. Fortune attempted to cross the stream in his search for the body of his companion but found the water too swift and deep. The body was later found by skin-divers in about 30 feet of water.

CONCLUSION

A solo attempt should not have been made to cross the swift flowing stream at this point after the first attempt had failed. Failure to assess the quality of the run out was a major contributory factor to this tragedy. In this event the deceased attempted a crossing in too close a proximity to the falls and was unable to regain his feet before being washed over the edge.

One of the recognised river crossing techniques outlined in the Bushcraft Manual may well have prevented this accident.

-----oooooooo-----

CLUB TRIPS.

SMITH'S CREEK HUT.

No. 912

5th April.

The truck and Kombi left Holt's at 6.20, and motored down through Waipawa, taking the Ongaonga turnoff. We left the vehicles at the Waipawa River roadhead at 8.40, and proceeded to cross the Waipawa River keeping boots dry with the usual performance. From here we followed a bulldozed track that took us across farmland, past a ruined homestead, to Middle Creek. After crossing the two tributaries the party scrambled up on to an open grassed ridge and continued in a Southerly direction.

The weather has remained warm and breezy, but when we looked up towards the main divide, South Rangī was black with cloud and as it was midday, it was too late to carry out the planned trip. On reaching the bush, the track followed round through a saddle and down into Smith's Creek where we continued downstream, arriving at the Hut by 1.15pm.

After an hour for lunch, the multitude retraced their steps back to Middle Creek, which we followed downstream to the forks. With gravel cleaned out of boots, we bush-bashed up a ridge, coming on to the farmland near the homestead again. Returning to the truck and Kombi by 6.15. We set off home after a pleasant day, accident free.

No. in Party, 34

Leader. Randall Goldfinch.

Irene Watt, Sue Feigler, Glenys Richdale, Annette Kindell, Wendy Smith, Cherie Watkins, Marian Moran, Sue Tucker, Denise Sims, Marie Falconer, Elizabeth Pindar, Madge M'Connell, Pam Paramore, Lynette Paramore, Vivian Hope, Kathryn Newrick, Deborah Easton, Peter Lewis, Graham Soppitt, Alan Thurston, Geoff Persen, Chris Persen, Athol Mace, Paul Maddison, Trevor Plowman, Rob Lusher, Brian Hall, Phil Bayens, Charlie Armstrong, Chris Barnett, Mervyn Hope, John Fleischl, Kevin Nuttall.

=====

MACKINTOSH HUT.

No. 913

19th April 1970.

Few recent trips can have brought out such a sleepy mob. Pam's wedding and the dance following, and a certain party following that, had hit some bods rather hard. Leaving the end of the forestry road which leads from the Taihape road just before it drops down to Kuripapango, roughly North past

the Castle Rock Bivy to the edge of the Tutaekuri Gorge, we raced down the track, across the walk-wires over the river, and climbed much more slowly up the other side. The fine day we had hoped for was wiped out by high cloud, so our lunch stop at Mackintosh Hut was a long one.

We returned by way of the track which joins the Kaweka Hut track at the stream and then, after we had crossed the Tutaekuri, followed the new but much washed-out Forestry road which runs East towards Castle Rock, which seemed quite a fair walk as it was, but several who must have had more physical than mental energy marched over the cross-roads and right past the Kombi without seeing it, coming straggling back some time later with some story about wanting to have a look at some more of the country.

No. in Party, 13

Leader. Geoff Persen.

Randall Goldfinch, C. Brian Smith, Debbie Easton, Peter Lewis, Chris Barnett, Sue Feigler, Ian Briasco, Kevin Nuttall, Sue Butler, Bryce Wallace, Peter O'Kane, John Fleischl.

=====

TE KOWHAI GORGE.

No. 914

3rd May 1970

The truck left Holt's at approx. 6.30a.m., picked up the Napier bods and headed for Bald Hill. It was decided not to go through the Te Kowhai Gorge because of the bad weather.

There was a party in at Lotkow which was going to meet the main party at the top end of the gorge. I left Bald Hill at 7a.m. to tell them of the changed plans. When I got back out at about 9.15a.m. the truck arrived. (The cause of the delay had been a fuel problem).

We headed up the creek from the Green Flats and spent a wet day in the bush. On the way out we came across a bloke with his broken down car. The club of course, again to the rescue, got it up to Bald Hill.

Down in Puketitiri we stopped and had a look at Mr. Lemmon's Museum and changed a flat tyre on the truck. It was about 5pm. when the truck left Puketitiri for town.

No. in Party, 13

Leader, Tom Whittle.

No. in Lotkow, 5

Te Kowhai Party:- Marie Falconer, Elizabeth Pindar, Athol Mace, Graham Soppitt, Marian Moran, Sue Feigler, Rona Budgett, Peter Lewis, Geoff Persen, Chris Persen, Irene Watt, Kevin Nuttall, Lotkow Party:- Geoff Richards, Sandy Smith, Wendy Smith, Paul Maddison, Rob Lusher.

A few years ago, William Colenso's route to the top of the Ruahines was trodden fairly frequently by Club parties but there has been less emphasis on this area in recent times. Colenso's track does however still provide the most direct access to the tops to the west of the Makaroro River and it was felt that the Club should lend a hand in keeping this route open.

A dismal May morning, therefore, saw a large party of members padding their way across Hall's and down on to the Makaroro River flats. Constant erosion is continually changing the riverbed and Kowhai Flat, once a very pleasant and picturesque grassed area, is now well on the way to being submerged by shingle. We found however that the river was just as wet as ever, as was the rain, so only a brief stop was made at the foot of Colenso Spur. While a number of members went ahead to set up camp at Waikongenge, the rest got stuck into the undergrowth and fern that had almost taken over the track during the years since it last received attention. By Saturday evening we had re-created a very passable track up the steep lower section of the Spur and well across the next section, where the grade flattens out. Here we joined the Forestry track coming up from Centre Makaroro hut. This track is up to the Forestry's usual high standard and certainly required no attention from ourselves for the rest of the distance to the bushline.

Everything was well under control at the campsite at Waikongenge, Colenso's "waters of weariness" and what was certainly the biggest camping party that I know of in recent years spent a very pleasant night under canvas.

The next morning dawned ever murkier than the Saturday so any thought of a trip around the tops was soon dispelled. It was obvious that the continuing rain would have some effect on the rivers before long so we packed up and headed for Centre Makaroro Hut. A brief lunch and we were soon off again, splashing our way down the Makaroro. The rain was falling steadily by now and the river had risen to the point where shortlegged types were finding things distinctly clammy. One or two decided that things should not be done by halves and really went into the water in a big way but most got back to the truck without any real inconvenience.

A good job done and the Club's thanks to a party which not only worked willingly but also provided very harmonious company on a trip that proved to be a lot of fun, despite the conditions.



Rona Budgett, Wendy Smith, Marian Moran, Marie Falconer, Irene Watt, Annette Kindell, Elizabeth Pindar, Denise Sims, Peter Lewis, Graham Soppitt, Paul Maddison, Brian Hall, Rob Lusher, Athol Mace, Toby Easton, Simon Easton, Jim Glass, Randall Goldfinch, Charles Armstrong, Kevin Nuttall, Alan Thurston, David White, Geoff Richards, Kitt Persen, David Schutz.

=====

WATERFALL CREEK - MANGAWEKA TRIG.  
(Queen's Birthday Weekend.)

No. 916 A.

May 30th - June 1st

Don't be missled by the title. The programme had to be modified. The "beautiful weather" was accompanied by cold wind and a hardness of snow that prevented us from getting over the tops. All this was brought home to us at 4p.m. on Saturday. By then it was too late to make for a hut. Our first thought was to get down to the bushline. So we picked a sub ridge which led into a little creek and then up Bomb-up Ridge, but before we got as far as that darkness overtook us and we had to camp on the sub ridge in the leather wood and snow, (Planetarium bivy). A reasonable night was had by all (6). The wind grew stronger during the night and we had a little trouble holding the plastic down.

On Sunday morning it took a little courage to crawl out of the bag. We downed a cold breakfast and crashed through snow-covered leatherwood into a creek which was literally an icebox. The only thing that kept us going was the sunshine on Bomb-up Ridge. We finally made it, and found the track leading to Smith's Creek Hut, where we arrived at 1.30p.m. There was too much daylight left to just sit around the hut so we decided to visit Peter and his party who were in Hinerua Hut. It took us one hour to reach the Hinerua Hut where that party had just returned from trying to get on to the tops, with the same result as us. We had a drink and a yarn and then went back to SMith's Creek Hut.

On Monday we returned home via Middle Creek Hut. It took 3<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> hours from Smith's Creek Hut. We must have missed Bert M'Connell and his party by very little because the fire place was still warm. On reading the Hut book we found that they had had the same trouble on the tops. That meant that three parties had turned back which put my mind at ease. I always wonder, upon turning back, (which I detest), if I am being over cautious.

We left the hut at 2.15p.m. and got back to the truck at 5p.m. We shall return.

No. in Party, 6

Leader: Phil Bayens.

Rona Budgett, Randall Goldfinch, John Titchener, Brian Smith  
Bryce Wallace,

=====

HINERUA HUT.

No. 916 B

May 30th - June 1st

Away from Hastings at 0800. Our first stop was to watch a superb display of very low flying by a young pilot in a most ungainly looking aircraft, trying to scare sheep off an airstrip at the foot of the ranges.

Thinking we might find a shorter way into Hinerua Hut, we took the Kombi up a bulldozed track on the next ridge North of the usual route. This was a mistake. The track was so steep, narrow, and slippery, with a steep drop on the downhill side, that the passengers all thought it safer to hop out and cling on the the back, from where they were shaken off at intervals until only one remained; but the driver dared not stop to pick anyone up because there was no turning place, and with the gradient now seeming to be nearer 45 than 30 degrees, starting off again, once he stopped, would be very doubtful. Arriving at the top, we had lunch before making our next mistake of failing to find the easiest way along to the Hinerua Ridge track, which was quite a distance off and on the way there were blunderings through bogs and patches of spiky, stunted bush (or "shrubbish" as one bod was heard to mutter).

Arriving at the hut, amongst all the snow and dampness a bone-dry cedar log was found 200 yds back along the track, which provided ample firewood to scorch our stew. Cutting up the last of the log in the glorious fine evening light, we heard a crunching of footsteps in the snow, and six hunters arrived. That made 15 of us for a four bunk hut. They were well provided with food, sitting up till after 11pm cooking sausages on sheets of foil, but unfortunately were poorly equipped with sleeping bags - only three between six of them, and one chap had very little clothing and only two blankets, so by 2.30am they were up, shivering, to build a roaring fire, and then again at 6am, the same performance, but this time they cooked breakfast and departed. We dozed, and waited until 9.30 for the sun to soften the snow, before going on up the ridge, and having a vigorous snow-fight with the returning hunters on the way.

The snow was hard in patches, and in other places knee-deep or more and hollower-out underneath, so we crashed through. Up on the top where the ridge becomes narrow and rocky, the cool gale which was blowing had glazed the snow even on the sunlit faces, and it was obvious that it was

unsafe for our party to go any further, so we selected a spot with a splendid view, warm sunshine and shelter from the wind and gradually melted patches of snow with our behinds as we sat and took our time over lunch before wandering back down to the hut, over snow which already in a few spots was beginning to show how dangerous it would become when the sun left it.

We were relaxing in the comparative warmth and shelter of the hut surroundings when the other H.T.C. party from Smith's Creek Hut arrived on a visit, looking very fit and energetic. The cheerful hunters had cut a huge supply of firewood which might be ready to burn in a couple of months, so we later cut another supply of dry wood and scorched our second stew worse than the first. The soft evening light on snow-ridges, distant clouds, and farmlands below us, was even more beautiful than it had been the night before.

On Monday, bus-catching, shift-work, and other cares were no longer in the distant future, so we came straight out, taking a good look at our supposed short-cut on the way because it will probably be a long time before we go there again. After taking one look at the road, which was iced over in patches, all but three decided that they would much prefer to run, rather than ride to the bottom of the hill, but their pessimism was unjustified and we were back in town by mid-afternoon.

No. in Party, 9                      Leader: Peter Lewis  
Irene Watt, Peter Dilk, Sue Feigler, Geoff Persen, Alan  
Thurston, Annette Kindell, Robert Kindell, Peter O'Kane.

WAIPIROPIRO SPRINGS - POHOKURA VALLEY.

No. 917

14th June 1970

In the dark and cold with thick white frost glistening over the countryside, 36 trampers descended on Holt's at 6am. Taking the truck and the Kombi we drove up the Taihape road over Gentle Annie to the Te Mahonga Station. By 10.am. we were ready to start our trudge along the bulldozed farm track into the Pohokura Valley.

We left the truck at the Haybarn some  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile off the main road but the Kombi continued in a mile or so further in case stragglers needed helping home on the way back. It's not often we can enjoy the comforts of tramping on a bulldozed road, but this trip was the exception. For  $2\frac{1}{4}$  hours we toddled along, in some places ankle deep in mud, but mostly on the level with only a little bit of up and one long down before we reached the Taruarau River.

The Party settled themselves on the hot river bed for a lazy lunch. It was a perfect setting, sheltered on four sides with the sun pouring down and the river, quite swift here, chattering over the boulders. We were grateful for the sheep bridge over the river as it meant we didn't even have wet feet.

While the billy boiled two went off to locate the Hot Springs, following an excellent little map and instructions drawn for us by the Te Mahonga manager. Following a fairly rapid lunch( $\frac{3}{4}$ hour) two thirds of the party took off upstream to visit the Spring - little more than a five foot square, two feet deep hole of oozing slime and luke warm water on a steep slope surrounded with manuka. The Spring "bubbles" up from underground and almost immediately drops some considerable distance vertically into the Taruarau. No one braved a swim and only one bod washed his feet.

Meanwhile the remaining third of the party packed up and slowly wended their way back along the valley. The last grind up the big hill proved rather a drag for some. The heavy clay stuck to boot soles making our feet feel like ton weights. The back party were glad of the Kombi's help over that last mile and stragglers were jumping on to anywhere they could keep a grip, until the Kombi looked like a hedgehog bristling with human prickles by the time it reached the truck. The Kombi and "walkers" arrived at the truck together and we were headed for home by 5.30pm., having taken three hours to walk out. A pleasant drive home over countryside serenely dappled by moonlight completed a very pleasureable day's tramp in territory new to most of us.

No. in Party, 36

Leader: Pam Turner

Sandra Smith, David White, Paul Maddison, Stewart Shaw, Kevin Nuttall, Sue Feigler, Glenys Richdale, Sue Tucker, Peter Lewis, Bradley Miles, Stanley Marshall, David Plowman, Peter Dilk, Marian Moran, Clare Wetherill, Annette Kindell, Alan Thurston, Brian Turner, Vivian Hope, Sandra Williams, Garry Clapperton, Peter Gravestock, Elizabeth Pindar, Lyn Furminger Irene Watt, Graham Soppitt, Mervyn Hope, George Prebble, Ian Briasco, Richard Prebble, Helen Hill, Anne Prebble, Marie Falconer, Mark Annand, Gillian Griffiths.

=====

ARANGA HUT.

No. 9:18

June 27-28th

We got away from Holt's at 06.15 heading for Mangleton with a fine and clear sky.

As we left the truck at Sentry Box, a wet mist and light rain set in. After a slow trip up we reached the saddle

and track south of Pohatuhaha and after a bite, some of the fitter ones took off for Aranga Hut. By the time the second lot reached there it was about 14.50. About nine decided to spend the night out in tents and plastic, as about this time the sky was clear and full of stars.

Next morning we split into two parties for the trip out via Park's Peak Hut. After the others had left, Peter and I washed the hut out. From the time we left the hut, the weather started to lift. Some went on to Park's Peak while three of us went out via Sentry Box.

I think a good trip was had by all despite the mist and rain.

Sometime in the future, a party should cut and disc the track above Sentry Box as it is badly overgrown.

No. in Party, 25

Leader: Athol Mace

Rona Budgett, Marian Moran, Marie Falconer, Sue Tucker, Clare Wetherill, Deb Easton, Sandy Smith, Wendy Smith, Chris O'Kane, Paul Maddison, Graham Soppitt, Bradley Miles, Peter Lewis, Garry Williams, Charlie Armstrong, Tom Whittle, David Plowman, Trevor Plowman, Peter O'Kane, Rob Lusher.

---

HUKANUI.

No. 919

12th July 1970

Despite impressions which might be given by the majority of recent trips, we do sometimes have fine days at weekends. But this wasn't to be one of them. Emerging from truck, Kombi and two cars, a very large mob strung out along the track through the North end of Balls Clearing Reserve at Puketitiri, with wind wrestling the tops of the big trees and rain splattering down through the leaves of the undergrowth. By the time they came out in to what was once the clearing and set off north east towards Hukanui conditions were not so bad, however.

This land, milled-over and now farmed, is very like a graveyard, with thousands of charred and half-rotted stumps, logs and gaunt dead trees remaining as reminders of the exceptionally heavy Rimu/Matai/Miro/Kahikatea forest, like that still remaining in the reserve, which covered it as recently as 30 to 60 years ago.

A strong gusty wind can be quite demoralising, and even before reaching the 3000ft level, one bod was feeling near collapse, but a brief stop and some food and encouragement worked wonders. A grassy notch in the limestone rocks at

the top provided fair shelter at lunchtime, and a shower-swept view out over lower hills and farmland to the Bay and Cape Kidnappers. A boil-up was deferred, and less exposed routes instinctively chosen as everyone hurried along the top and down the Western end of the range to explore a small cave. Some of the boys crawled into a rather cramped side-gallery for some distance before it narrowed still more and descended to a small underground stream, but the wetas were disappointingly small and most of the girls, not particularly scared of them.

Down near the Anawhenua stream, an area where lime-water has petrified ferns and sticks over which it ran, and a waterfall, were visited, but a boil-up was deferred until reaching the truck, by which time heavy rain caused it to be cancelled and Les. Lemmon's vintage car museum to be visited instead, which is very interesting, but all the same, may this trip without bill-tea never set a fashion.

No. in Party, 39

Leader: Peter Lewis

Wendy Smith, Graham Soppitt, Clare Wetherill, Sandra Williams, Susan Karan, Brian Soppitt, Chris Barnett, Stewart Shaw, George Prebble, Rob Lusher, Paul Maddison, David Perry, Philip Liley, Brian Hall, David Hall, Russell Trotter, Charlie Armstrong, Sue Tucker, Marian Moran, Sue Feigler, Simon Easton, Randall Goldfinch, Lynn Furminger, Alan Berry, Helen Hill, Ngairi Webb, Sandra Mercer, Peta Mason, Sharon Crook, Raewyn Farmery, Raewyn Willis, Raewyn Clode, Glenys Richdale, Bonita Goodfellow, Diana Mathers, Barbara Newell, Maxine Edmonds, Richard Prebble.

=====

COMET HUT.

No. 920

25th-26th July

It was a cold Saturday morning when a party of eighteen headed out along the Taihape road to the other side of Gentle Annie. About 2 miles past Gentle Annie, there is a bulldozed track which leads right into Comet Hut. We left the cars at the beginning of this track and walked into the hut. At this time the weather didn't look very promising - cold, strong winds and very overcast sky.

We arrived at the hut about 11a.m. all very glad to get in out of the wind. The hut is very nicely finished with the walls all lined and varnished. There is a cosy little stove with an old car seat in front.

About 2p.m. a little over half the party went for a walkup to see the second plateau for a look around and to see just where we were going the next day. We arrived back at the hut about 3.30.

The next morning the weather hadn't changed much and there were six who wanted to do the planned trip, so we got packed up and moved out at 10.a.m. The others were going out the same way they came in and would pick us up somewhere around Timahanga Station.

From Comet Hut which is at 2,940', we climbed to the second plateau at 3,550 in just over 30 minutes. We then headed to the end of Kaikomata Range which looks into the Taruarau River several hundred feet below. To our right we had a great view of the Sparrowhawk Range and Otupae Range. From here the Range turns to the right with two spurs dropping off into the Pohokura Valley. On one of the two spurs there is a track which leads to the bottom of the valley and saves alot of bush-bashing. But I couldn't find that track and ended up bush-bashing down the wrong spur. We finally made it to the bulldozed track which leads up Pohokura Valley to the station, stopped and had lunch by a stream and then moved on. Out by 4p.m. and all in all, a very enjoyable tramp and many thanks to those who supplied transport.

No. in Party, 18

Leader: Alan Thurston

Graham Soppitt, Peter Lewis, John Furminger, Brian Hall, David Perry, Peter Dilks, Simon Easton, Paul Maddison, Robert Kindell, Trevor Plowman, Annette Kindell, Sue Beveridge, Sue Tucker, Lyn Furminger, Robin Heath, Rona Budgett Clare Wetherill.

-----oooOooo-----

SOCIAL NEWS

Birth: To Warren and Lesley Greer - a daughter.

Engagement: John Titchener to Ruth Alcock.

Departure: Pat Roberts to Auckland.

Elizabeth Tanton (nee Buchanan) is now in Melbourne. In the summer she had a job as swimming instructor for the Education Department and for the winter she has carried on as Phys. Ed. adviser.

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following to the club:-

Robert Kindell, Chris Barnett (Jr.), Bradley Miles (Jr.), Charles Armstrong (Jr.), Marie Falconer, Bryce Wallace, Brian Hall, Kevin Nuttall (Jr.), Sue Feigler (Jr.), Stewart Shaw.

CHANGE OF TREASURER

Madge McConnell resigned as she no longer has the time. Our thanks to her for all her sterling work over the years.

We are grateful to Jackie Smith who has consented to take her place.

-----oooOooo-----

FIXTURE LIST

<u>Date</u>	<u>Trip</u>	<u>Fare</u>	<u>Leader, Phone</u>
1970			
<u>AUGUST</u>			
22-23	<u>SNOWCRAFT COURSE (HINERUA)</u> If the snow conditions are good this should be a good chance for newcomers to gain experience in the snow.	\$1.	Maury Taylor HMN. 829
<u>SEPT.</u>			
6	<u>BLACK STAG HUT</u> A pleasant day trip in the Moorcock Valley area. A fit party can climb Otumore.	\$1.	Graham Soppitt Has. 85.384
19-20	<u>HOWLETTS - OTUMORE</u> A difficult trip in adverse weather. The route is up the Tukituki River to Centre Tuki Hut. Then up Daphne Spur to Howletts Hut. Sunday will be spent travelling south along the main divide to Otumore, and a return to the truck via Pohangina Saddle.	\$1.	David White Has. 86.671
26-27	<u>SEARCH. (RUAHINES)</u> Trial search exercise for Search and Rescue Organisation. Several members will be required to take part.	\$1.	Alan Berry Has. 77.223
<u>OCTOBER</u>			
4	<u>TE IRINGA - BOYD'S BUSH</u> A fairly long day trip from the top of Gentle Annie and down through Boyd's Bush.	\$1.	Geoff Persen Has. 85.384
17-18	<u>GOLDEN CROWN, NO MAN'S, DEAD DOG</u> An average W/E trip at the back of Mangleton Station.	\$1.	Rob Lusher
24,5,6 Labour W/End	<u>RUAPEHU (Chateau Motor Camp)</u> A good chance to practise snowcraft technique. The party will camp at Motorcamp and go up Mountain each day.	\$4.	Bert McConnell Has. 69.655
<u>NOV.</u>			
1	<u>CATTLE HILL Rock Climbing</u> An easy day.	\$1.	Sandy Smith
14-15	<u>CAIRN TRIP</u>	\$1.	Phil Bayens
29	<u>GLENFALLS, MOHAKA Instruction Course</u> A day to be spent learning river crossing technique, campfire lighting and tent pitching.	\$1.	Jim Glass Has. 78.748
<u>DEC.</u>			
12-13	<u>ROCKY POINT via HOGGET TRIG</u> A very interesting W/E in the Ngamatea and Ngaruroro areas.	\$1.	Randall Goldfinch



Date	Trip	Fare	Leader, Phone
1971			
JANUARY	<u>GOLDEN HILLS, BOYD'S HUT, MANGAMINGI HUT,</u>	\$1.	Brian Smith
1-4	<u>TE APUNGA HUT, PETERS HUT, LIMP HOME.</u>		
New	This is country that the Club has not been into		
Year	for many years and it should prove a most interesting trip. Slower members will bypass Boyd's Hut.		
9-10	<u>LAKE TUTIRA</u>	\$1.	Alan Berry
	A day or W/E trip in which boating and picnicing can be combined.		
23-24	<u>ROCKS AHEAD, VENISON TOP, BALLARD</u>	\$1.	Trevor Baldwin

Fares: Are reducible (except Labour Weekend) by 20c. for seniors, half fares for juniors by 10c., if paid at the meeting before or on the trip.

#### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 35th Annual General Meeting will be held following the usual fortnightly meeting in the Radiant Living Hall, Warren Street North, Hastings, on Wednesday, October 28th, 1970.

-----oooOooo-----

Typists for this issue were:- Nancy Tanner, Barbara Taylor, Margaret Griffiths, Glenys Richdale.

<u>List of Contents:</u>	<u>Page</u>
Private Trips	1
Extracts FMC Bulletin	13
Results July Photo Compet.	12
Overdue Trampers	12
Club Trips	14
Social News	23
New Members	23
Change of Treasurer	23
Fixture List	24-25
Annual General Meeting	25
Typists	25

